

## How to Train Your Best Friend

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Summary: In retrospect, it wasn't his best plan ever, but was it actually possible for it to all have gone that badly in that short a time? Andro!Toothless/Hiccup, attack of the fluff. Oneshot.

## How to Train Your Best Friend

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon.\*\***

**\*\*A/N: I really love HTTYD. Everyone has the movie they could watch every day and still love- HTTYD is mine. Sadly, there's really no good way to slash it in canon because I'm not writing dragon/human. Just not happening, lol. So, we have to have andro!Toothless and it's just chaos from there. Then there's no way to keep anyone in character and just... despite all that, I'm gonna give it a **\*\*\_very cheesy, very cliché\_\*\*** shot.\*\***

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><p>Hiccup groaned and banged his head on the frame of the nearest door. This was definitely not his day.<p>

In retrospect, it wasn't his best plan ever, but was it actually \_possible\_ for it to all have gone \_that\_ badly in \_that\_ short a time? \_Really\_?

"Toothless, shoot me."

"I'm not gonna shoot you, idiot."

"I'm serious. Shoot me. Put me out of my misery."

Toothless rolled his eyes.

"Do it. I work at a weapon's shop. We'll just leave right now, break in, and then you can shoot me."

"Hiccup."

"I won't tell anyone."

"Hiccup, are you really still not used to rejection?"

That got Hiccup's attention. He turned around and slumped heavily against his bedroom door, shooting a half-hearted glare at his best friend.

"You are useless," he informed the older boy. "I mean that. You're absolutely useless. Thank you for nothing, you useless best friend."

"I've never heard that one before."

"If you stopped being so useless then maybe I wouldn't have to say it all the time," Hiccup suggested, voice dripping with even more sarcasm than usual.

"Hey, it's not my fault you kill everything you touch. You should be used to them turning you down by now, is all I'm saying."

"I am," Hiccup insisted. He sighed and opened his eyes, letting them run over his dark-haired upperclassman. The older boy stared back with an unflinching green gaze, hardly blinking. Toothless was lounging on Hiccup's bed, limbs thrown all over the place, black, shaggy hair making itself at home on Toothless's pillow.

He was only a year older, but somehow that single year made a huge difference- where Hiccup was a twig, Toothless was all lean muscle and he knew it, accentuating every bulge of his body with dark jeans and tight, black T-shirts. He knew what he looked like, and did what he could do with it. Which was a lot.

Not that Hiccup noticed this in any way other than objectively. Of course not. Toothless was his best friend, plus he was older. Oh, right, and he was also a guy, and Hiccup was definitely into girls.

"I am," he repeated. "I just wish they didn't have to back away in terror every time I get near them." Hiccup shook his head. "You wouldn't understand. Look at you."

Toothless gave one of his patented, breathtaking smiles and cocked his head, letting his hair flop down over his eyes. "I know," he agreed, amused.

"And you've always looked like this," Hiccup complained. "So I don't know why I even bother trying to explain this to you. Or why I bother telling you anything. You're the interesting, dashing, tall-dark-and-handsome main character here. I'm practically your sidekick."

He was. And Hiccup wasn't just speculating. He knew that Toothless had always been the school heartthrob and that every girl in the building had, at one time or another, wept over the fact that they could never have him. They'd been friends since age two. As early as third grade he had been getting all the attention.

"Such a waste," Hiccup said, resorting to his favorite vein of teasing. He knew that the older boy was more than enough of a cocky bastard to be able to take it- if he thought for even a fraction of a second that something he said might hurt him, he wouldn't say it, "that your manly hotness genes will never see the next generation," he finished lightly, grinning.

Toothless rolled his eyes again and stretched like a cat on Hiccup's bed, taking up even more space and managing to look ravaged and simultaneously perfect.

"Please. If I were a breeder I'd have knocked up half the school by now. Then where would the gene pool be? Everyone would be related!"

Sometimes Hiccup hated Toothless for being one of the few people who could think quickly enough to generate an intelligent comeback. Most of the time, though, he loved him for it.

Platonically.

"You're still useless. You date everyone in sight and yet you manage to have no advice for me whatsoever."

"Dude. Dudes are different. Next time you wanna seduce a guy, let me know. Then I can help."

Hiccup sighed and hit his head on the wall again, this time the back of it. Mixing it up a bit. After a moment of deliberation, he pushed off the wall, grabbed his doorknob, and closed the door. Stepping over his piles and piles of dragon rider books, accidentally stepping on Eragon, he positioned himself right next to his best friend.

"Sure," he said, tossing his hands up a little. "Teach me."

Toothless's mouth dropped open. He rolled over and in one fluid motion was off the bed and in front of Hiccup.

"Seriously?"

Hiccup shrugged. "Yeah. Teach me."

Toothless imitated a fish for a while longer. "Something you wanna tell me? I mean, like, you switching teams on me, man?"

"What? No!"

"You... play for both teams?"

"No!" Hiccup said a little too loudly, and Toothless frowned. "No, I just wanna see what you do. For the carry-over. There must be something I can use."

"Not with my methods," Toothless mumbled.

But Hiccup heard it. "Your methods?" he pressed. "What

methods?"

Without further warning or hesitation, Toothless matter-of-factly reached forward and grabbed Hiccup's crotch. The younger boy let out a yelp of surprise and what was definitely pain. Definitely. He reeled back, escaping. "What the \_hell\_ man?"

"My methods," he said blankly. "Which, by the way, you \_really\_ shouldn't try on a girl. It won't have the results you're looking for. Unless you \_want\_ jail time. Works a lot better on horny gay men who are already picturing you na-"

Hiccup glared at him, cutting him off. "You're lying. That's not all you do. I know, I've seen it. The last guy."

"Snotlout?"

"Oh, the one before him, then."

"...Tuff?"

"What? No, \_before\_ him!"

Toothless frowned, trying to remember.

"Tall. Big build. Blond."

"Fishlegs!"

"Right! Him! ...Dude, that was like last week. You forget his name already?"

Toothless gave him a funny look. "Not like there was much \_conversation\_, Hiccup."

"Right." He shook his head. "How you don't have every disease in the world, I have no idea. Anyway, Fishlegs. You didn't do your junk-grabbing technique on him."

"Of course not, that would have scared him away. He's not that type of guy."

Toothless took a step closer, not unnaturally, and Hiccup found himself backing up. "Then what did you do to get him?"

Toothless smiled, cocked his head. "What do you mean?"

Another step forward, another step back.

"Idiot, what's confusing about this?" Hiccup demanded, back meeting the wall and voice not as strong as he'd like it to be, considering.

The older boy trapped him, his arm to the right of Hiccup's neck. He leaned in close to Hiccup's other ear...

"...What's confusing is how long it took you to figure out when it was \_happening\_ to you."

He grinned, giving Hiccup a little more room but not putting down his

arm. Hiccup could smell him. He smelled... really good. Amazing. Not that... he cared or anything. Just, he took note of it. Because Toothless's boyfriends (if you could even call them that) probably liked it and Hiccup was sure that girls probably liked it too. Mental note.

"Well?" he managed after a moment, "That can't be all of it. I'm waiting."

After one more critical look, Toothless shrugged, and then every inch of him changed.

Pinning Hiccup to the wall again, the older boy loomed over him, pulling his lips into a cocky smirk, running his tongue over them slowly. Then he leaned a little closer. "Hey," he all but purred. "What's your name?" His free hand- the one that wasn't trapping his best friend- came up to his captive's face, tracing along cheek bones, down jaw lines.

Hiccup could barely form the syllables of his name. "H-Hiccup..."

He was also pretty sure his heart wasn't supposed to be racing this fast, and tried to recall if it ever had before. He didn't think so.

"Hiccup," Toothless repeated, the name sounding different than it ever had before from the senior's lips. Hiccup hadn't known that "Hiccup" was a name that could ever be made to sound...

...He was just learning a lot today.

His best friend- who was rapidly crossing boundaries, here- dipped down and ran his nose and lips over Hiccup's neck. Hiccup made some kind of shameful yipping noise, already internally berating himself for it, and his head hit the wall in his surprise, but he didn't actually have any desire to ask him to stop.

Which was only because he was a great big super-virgin and any kind of contact was enough to turn him on. Not because he liked guys. And especially not his best friend. Physical stimulation was just physical stimulation.

He felt the older boy's tongue swipe his skin, felt a rush of cool air as he blew, and shivered. Smirk widening, Toothless put his other arm on the remaining side of Hiccup's head. Then the smirk disappeared and the most sincere look Hiccup had ever seen took its place. If he had been in a higher-functioning state at the moment, he would have remembered that that was not what Toothless looked like when he was being sincere.

"Hiccup," the boy said urgently, staring deep into his eyes. "No rules. No consequences. You don't even have to call me the next day. Just once. For one night, let me..." he faded off for a moment. Then the purr was back with a vengeance: "Let me do whatever I want to you."

And then he leaned in more, tilting Hiccup's head back, and for a moment Hiccup was sure that his first kiss would be with his best friend, and he was feeling pretty okay about it.

At the last possible moment, the older boy pulled back. With an indifferent but pleased nod, he flopped back down on his stomach on Hiccup's bed, wincing when he landed and punching Hiccup's pillow to fluff it.

For a moment, Hiccup thought he was supposed to follow, and then he remembered that this had been a training exercise, not a hookup. Not that he really knew what a hookup was like.

He stood there for a moment, wobbling, then sighed as loud as he could make himself.

"I'll never pull that off."

Toothless shrugged. "These aren't skills you're born with. You've gotta develop them. You just need practice."

Hiccup hoped he didn't blush at that last statement.  
"Practice?"

"Yeah. Try it in front of a mirror. If you can seduce yourself, you're probably up to the task of trying it on someone else." He laughed, and Hiccup wondered why the sound seemed to be a little bit off.

"I don't know who could resist all this... raw... student... ness..." he said, flexing unenthusiastically. Snorting at his own efforts, he dropped down onto his bed next to Toothless. He put his chin in the backs of his hands. "This sucks."

The other boy was instantly on his feet. "I should go home," he suddenly blurted. Toothless was fast- sometimes Hiccup could swear the boy could fly- but, as he crossed the room and exited, he wasn't so fast that Hiccup didn't see the physical reaction he'd been trying to hide.

The look on Hiccup's face must have stopped him, because he could only open his mouth. No words came out, because there was really no explanation that wouldn't be a lie, and they didn't lie to each other. Ever. Avoided some things, sure- well, clearly- but they didn't lie.

And so Hiccup didn't ask, so that Toothless didn't have to tell the truth, and he hurried out with a mumbled, "See you at school."

For a long time, Hiccup just stared at the door his best friend had exited through, trying to figure out what it meant.

It could have been the heat of the moment, and of course, it could have been a conditioned response to his own "routine."

Then again, it also could have been something else entirely.

\* \* \*

><p>When Hiccup woke up the next morning, he had rationalized it all in his head and was quite proud of himself. In fact, he was so normal by breakfast that his father didn't even notice that he had temporarily been in turmoil.<p>

But now he had it figured out.

It was simple, really. Toothless was hot, used to a lot of sex. His body associated the procedure he had been demonstrating with getting sex, and had reacted accordingly. Nothing weird about that at all, and actually it hadn't even been that hard to figure out. No pun intended.

No, the part that had classified as "turmoil" had been the next part.

Hiccup had been, too.

"Reactant," that is, and without even the excuse of association.

And in taking care of the problem he had had to try and force himself not to think of his best friend. And then he had given up trying, and after that, it had really only taken the incredibly logical Hiccup a few hours of deep thought to come to a conclusion.

He was in love with him.

Like, legit.

It made sense. He and Toothless were closer than Hiccup was, or ever had been, to anyone else. He had always loved the guy, of course, but until now... Well, until now, he hadn't realized what it really all meant. They were each the one the other always ran to. Toothless had never cried in front of anyone else but him. Hiccup had cried in front of a lot of people on several separate occasions, but he'd never told the reason to anyone but Toothless. Toothless had let him practically throw a tantrum in his bedroom. Hiccup had patched Toothless up when he'd fallen and hurt his foot so bad that sometimes he still limped. Toothless was the one he had assumed would always be in the rest of his life, the same one who had gotten him through his mother's death and his father's... well, his father's subsequent issues. Literally held him for hours and hours. It was always Toothless. It had always been Toothless.

And now that Hiccup got shivers just thinking about him, it couldn't be less confusing.

So, Hiccup was no longer confused. With that, he was able to consider... that maybe... maybe... Toothless's "response" hadn't just been conditioning.

Therefore, the next day at school, Hiccup didn't let the older boy pretend it hadn't happened. That was his way, and as such, he was standing where they usually met in the morning, as always, wearing his usual clothes and his usual vague smirk and despite it all, Hiccup relaxed. This was Toothless. Toothless and Hiccup. Nothing could ever come between that. Even if what he was about to do was stupider than any of his failed attempts at getting a girlfriend.

For a moment, he was tempted to take the easy way out that Toothless was offering him on a silver platter. Don't rock the boat, don't do something that will create a problem between them that, while it would never break them, would make it awkward for a very long

time.

Sadly, that was not Hiccup's way.

\_Too bad, really\_, he thought as he got closer to the older boy.

Toothless smiled easily when he saw him. "Hey."

"We need to talk about last night," Hiccup said by way of a greeting.

The smile disappeared. Hiccup missed it and wanted it back.

"Can't we just ignore it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I need to know."

"Why does it matter?"

"It matters."

Toothless was silent.

"Toothless. Yesterday... I saw... that." The older boy gritted his teeth. "I need you to explain it."

"Please don't ask me that," he begged, panicking. "Just... please don't ask me..."

"Toothless. Why were you... you know... yesterday. Was it because of what you were doing, or because of me?"

He was quiet for a long, long time. Finally, when Hiccup thought he wasn't going to answer (which was the only way out of their 'no lying' policy), he looked up, looked him in the eye, and steadily said, "You."

Hiccup relaxed. "Okay. Cool."

Really, it was too good to be true. Now, he didn't have any delusions that this meant Toothless loved him. Heck, it probably didn't even mean he liked him that way. What it did mean was that Toothless was capable of seeing him as a guy and not just as his best friend.

With patience, Hiccup might have a chance.

"Why," Toothless asked through clenched teeth.

"Why, what?"

"Why was it so important for you to ask me that?"

"Because I'm in love with you," Hiccup replied bluntly.



"Fuck you," Toothless snorted. He spun on his heels and attempted to storm away, but Hiccup anticipated this and managed to grab him, as freakishly fast as he usually was.

"If you \_want\_ to, sure," he said pointedly.

Toothless yanked his arm away. "Dammit, Hiccup! This isn't \_funny\_. You figure me out, call me out on it when I \_beg\_ you not to, and then you \_mock\_ me? Asshole. \_Yay\_, fun times! I'm gonna pick on the guy who's been in love with me since\_-"

"Since when?" Hiccup interrupted in a small voice.

All of the energy had gone out of Toothless and with a sigh he answered, "Since I can remember." He shook his head, hard. "So like I said. Fuck you for messing with that."

"But I'm not messing with you."

"\_What\_?"

"I'm \_not\_ messing with you. I don't lie to you, and I'm \_telling\_ you: I am not messing with you." Hiccup took a step forward, and the older boy took one back, staring at him.

"When..."

"I figured it out last night," Hiccup answered his unfinished question, taking another step. Toothless backed up as well, until his shoulder blades were against a cold, block wall. "But who knows how long it's... \_been\_ \_there\_, you know?"

The younger boy put an arm against the wall, blocking in his much-taller friend, and Toothless, even realizing that his technique had been turned against him, was unable to move a muscle.

"So," Hiccup finished, trying (and failing miserably) to imitate the deep, husky voice that Toothless had managed so easily. "Are you gonna kiss me?"

Those words, despite the epic voice fail, were enough to remind Toothless that he did, in fact, speak, and also that he knew \_very\_ well\_ what he was doing.

Giving this boy that he loved more than enough time to back out, Toothless gently placed his fingertips on either side of Hiccup's face. Then, slowly, hesitatingly, he brought their lips together.

Hiccup's first kiss was with his best friend.

He was feeling pretty okay with that.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN 2: Forgive me for writing that. XD I'm so sorry. The meaningless fluff!\*\*

End

file.